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A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS and HYMNS

Extracted from different Authors.

With a Preface,

By the Reverend Mr. De COURCY.

Let the word of Chriſt dwell in you richly in all wiſdom; teaching and admoniſhing one another in pſalms, and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs, ſinging with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16.

Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain, to receive power, and riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honour, and glory, and bleſſing. Rev. v. 12.

SHREWSBURY:

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147. 4. 585

PREFACE.

AS the book of *Pſalms* abounds with ſubjects of praiſe, it has therefore proved a rich fund for hymnal compoſition. But, it ought to be remembered, that various paſſages in the writings of *all* the prophets celebrate "the ſufferings of CHRIST, and the glory that ſhould "follow,*" in as lively and evangelical ſtrains, as any that dropped from the pen of even the *ſweet Pſalmiſt of Iſrael himſelf*; and wou'd conſequently admit of as eaſy and profitable a verſification. When our Church, therefore, publiſhed the book of Pſalms in Engliſh metre, it is much to be regretted, that all the *hiſtorical* and *imprecatory* ones, (as they are called) were not omitted, to make room for ſome ſweet extracts from the *Prophets* and the *Apoſtles*.

Our Verſion, it is allowed, may have ſome excellencies; but, every perſon of judgment and candor, muſt acknowledge, that it has its *deficiencies* too. Whoever poſſeſſes the ſmalleſt taſte for *poetical* compoſition, will eaſily perceive, that *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, (the verſifiers of our pſalms) were better acquainted with the truths of *Divinity*, than converſant in the beauties of *poetry*; and that a wreath of *laurel* did by no means ſuit *their* brow; or, as *Fuller* in his church-hiſtory wittily obſerves, that

* 1 *Peter*, i. 11.

"they

" they drank deeper of the *water of life*, than of the ſtreams of *Helicon*." For, not to ſay that the *metre* is extremely unflowing, the *rhymes* very unharmonious, the *diction* very uncouth, and the *ſenſe* in many places exceedingly perplext; I wiſh there was no cauſe to fear, that ſometimes we meet with *no ſenſe at all*.

But, the jargon of language and uncouthneſs of rhymes, ſo glaring in our verſion, are not the *only* defects. It is embarraſſed, moreover, with conſiderable *obſcurity*. The pſalms are full of the glory of *CHRIST*; though, indeed, that glory is, in a great meaſure, *veiled*. But it is peculiar to the *New* Teſtament, to *develope*, or, throw light, upon the *Old*; that is, ſo to remove the veil of obſcurity, as to exhibit, as in a bright mirror, the moſt advantageous manifeſtation of the GRACE, WORK, and PERSON of *CHRIST*. And, every one, who would form an edifying paraphraſe on any part of the Old Teſtament, whether in proſe or verſe, ſhould keep this point conſtantly in view. But this is not done in *our* verſion, nor in that of *Tate* and *Brady*, though the latter has conſiderably the advantage in point of *poetic* accuracy; no, nor even in the very elegant verſification of *Doctor Merrick*. In all theſe compoſitions, we labor through great Old-Teſtament obſcurity, which is manifeſtly done away in *CHRIST*; and ſee more of *Moſes*'s VEIL, than of the *glory*, which beams

beams from the head of his illuſtrious *Antitype.*

The Church of *Scotland* is not leſs embarraſſed in this reſpect. The verſion of the *Kirk* is not a whit more *poetical*, nor more *evangelical* than our own. Many pious and judicious men, therefore, in *both* Churches, have earneſtly wiſhed to ſee ſuch a collection of *pſalms, hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs*, taken from the old and new Teſtament, as would do honor to our language, to Britiſh poetry, and to ſound divinity.

With a deſign, then, to obviate the defects of our Verſion, to gratify the requeſts of many of my hearers, to encourage *goſpel pſalmody*, and to promote the glory of *GOD*, I have taken the liberty to publiſh the following collection of pſalms and hymns, taken chiefly from the ſeraphic *Doctor Watts* and others; praying that the *LORD* would accompany them with a divine bleſſing, and teach us to ſing "with the Spirit, and with the underſtanding alſo."

It has been frequently obſerved, that no part of divine worſhip approaches ſo nearly to the immediate employ of glorified ſpirits, as that of ſinging the praiſes of our *GOD*. And it is very much to be wiſhed, that the heavenly exerciſe may ſo univerſally prevail, as to aboliſh for ever thoſe "ungodly ſongs" (as the Church of England very juſtly ſtyles them) "which tend only to the nouriſhing of vice, and the corrupting of youth." *

* See the title-page to the book of pſalms collected into Engliſh metre by T. S. and J. H.

In

In order to captivate our hearts, to elevate our affections, and to inſpire our ſongs with ſacred fire, the Scriptures preſent us with a variety of ſubjects, which, for their importance, dignity, beauty and worth, as much ſurpaſs every *human* compoſition, as *thunder* is louder than a *whiſper*, or the heavens higher than the earth.

There is one ſubject throughout the inſpired writings, which hath in all things the pre-eminence, and claims our higheſt praiſes; becauſe indeed it is the centre of all evangelical truth, and the glory of *Revelation* itſelf: and that is, the FINISHED REDEMPTION of the SON of GOD. A ſubject, big with the moſt illuſtrious diſplay of the divine attributes, and replete with inexpreſſible conſolation to loſt ſinners.

To celebrate this moſt grand, moſt delightful, and moſt glorious ſubject, is principally the deſign of GOD in his word, and the chief buſineſs of the inſpired Writers. The *Prophets* under the old, and the *Apoſtles* under the New Teſtament diſpenſation, join in bearing their teſtimony to the "unſearchable riches of *CHRIST*." Yea, to praiſe REDEEMING LOVE, is the ambition of *Angels*. The glorious topic animates their ſongs, gives muſic to their golden harps, ſpreads a ſacred *emulation* among Cherubim and Seraphim, and conſtitutes the grand harmony of heaven itſelf: whilſt the Church militant and Church triumphant form one general

chorus

chorus, and ſing "Worthy is the *LAMB* that was ſlain, to receive power, and riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honor, and glory, and bleſſing." *Rev.* v. 12.

To recommend, celebrate, and enforce the ſame bleſſed theme, is the chief deſign of the following Collection; wherein, the various authors, from whence they are ſelected, concur in extolling the grace of our *LORD JESUS CHRIST*, the eſſential Divinity of his *perſon*, the glory of his *redeeming work*, the infinite merit of his great *atonement*, the perfection of his *righteouſneſs*, the virtue of his *blood*, and the power of his *ſpirit*. Topics theſe, of ſuch importance, that *without* them, our moſt elaborate prayers or praiſes are flat, jejune, and inſipid; while, *with* them, *both* aſcend up before *GOD*, an acceptable ſacrifice, a ſweet perfume.

I ſhall detain the pious reader no longer than to inform him that my heart's deſire and prayer to *GOD*, is, that, while his *voice* is employed in ſinging theſe bleſſed hymns, their important ſubjects may deeply affect his *heart*, and influence his *life* and *converſation*. A tuneful voice is not eſſential to ſalvation; but a *muſical heart*, is. I mean, a heart rendered melodious by the *grace* of *GOD*; as ſaith the Apoſtle, "Singing and making melody with *grace* in your hearts to the *LORD*." *Eph.* v. 19. *Col.* iii. 16. And as the crowning grace in every

every act of prayer or praiſe, is *faith*, its influence is therefore of the utmoſt conſequence. It is *faith*, that enables us to offer up all our ſacrifices through *CHRIST*, the golden *altar that ſanctifies the gift*. It is the ſame powerful grace, that quickens our prayers, and enlivens our ſongs; that apprehends the Redeemer in every part of his mediatorial undertaking, and makes him unſpeakably precious in the *offices* he bears, and the indearing *characters* he aſſumes; that realizes things inviſible, and gives a foretaſte of heaven itſelf. If *faith* increaſe; ſo will our *love* to *CHRIST*, in proportion. As love expands itſelf, we ſhall naturally delight in *praiſe*. As praiſe flows, ſo muſt conſequently our *happineſs*. Thus by *believing in*, *loving*, *praiſing*, *glorifying*, and *exalting CHRIST*, we may in a degree anticipate the *ſong of Moſes and the LAMB*, and live a little heaven upon earth. That this may be the happy privilege of all, who love the *LORD JESUS* in ſincerity, is the fervent deſire of their affectionate ſervant in the goſpel,

Richard De Courcy.

Shrewſbury, December 6, 1775.

A COLLECTION OF PSALMS and HYMNS.

HYMN I.

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME HOLY GHOST, our Souls inſpire,
And lighten with celeſtial fire,
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who doſt thy ſev'nfold gifts impart.
Thy bleſſed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulneſs of our blinded ſight.
Anoint and cheer our ſoiled face,
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And THEE, of both to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endleſs ſong,

Praiſe GOD, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him all creatures here below;
Praiſe Him above, ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN

HYMN II.

The Happineſs of God's Iſrael. Deut. xxxiii. 29.

I.

O *Iſrael*, bleſt beyond compare!
Unrival'd all thy glories are:
JEHOVAH deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine int'reſt all his own.

II.

He is thy Saviour; he thy Lord;
His ſhield is thine; and thine his ſword;
Review in extacy of thought
The grand redemption he has wrought.

III.

From *Satan*'s yoke he ſets thee free,
Opens thy paſſage thro' the ſea;
He thro' the deſart is thy guide,
And Heav'n for *Canaan* will provide.

IV.

Not *Jacob*'s ſons of old could boaſt
Such favors to their choſen hoſt;
Their glories, which thro' ages ſhine,
Are but dim ſhades, and types of thine.

V.

Celeſtial *Spirit*, teach our tongue
Sublimer ſtrains than *Moſes* ſung,
Proportion'd to the ſweeter name
Of GOD the Saviour, and the Lamb.

HYMN III.

EBENEZER. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

I.

MY helper GOD! I bleſs his name:
The fame his pow'r, his grace the fame,
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and cloſe the year.

II.

I 'midſt ten thouſand dangers ſtand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And ſee, when I review my ways,
Ten thouſand monuments of praiſe.

III.

Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this deſart land,
New mercies ſhall new ſongs demand.

IV.

My grateful Soul, on *Jordan*'s ſhore,
Shall raiſe one ſacred pillar more:
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inſcriptions of immortal love.

HYMN IV.

The great Journey. Job xvi. 22.

I.

BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments ſtay,
Nor can we meaſure back our way.

Our

II.

Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my ſoul, this doom thy own;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The ſame my *way*, my *houſe* the ſame.

III.

From vital air, from chearful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From ſcenes of duty, means of grace,
Muſt I to GOD's tribunal paſs?

IV.

Important journey! awful view!
How great the change! the ſcenes how new!
The golden gates of heav'n diſplay'd,
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy ſhade!

V.

Awake, my ſoul; thy way prepare,
And loſe in this each mortal care;
With ſteady feet that path be trod,
Which thro' the grave conducts to GOD.

VI.

Jeſus, to thee my all I truſt,
And, if thou call me down to duſt,
I know thy voice, I bleſs thy hand,
And die in ſmiles at thy command.

VII.

What was my terror, is my joy;
Theſe views my brighteſt hopes employ,
To go, e'er many years are o'er,
Secure I ſhall return no more.

HYMN

HYMN V.

Triumph in God's Protection. Pſa. xviii. 2.

I.

LEGIONS of foes beſet me round,
While marching o'er this dang'rous ground;
Yet in JEHOVAH's aid I truſt,
And in his pow'r ſuperior boaſt.

II.

My buckler he: His ſhield is ſpread
To cover this defenceleſs head:
Now let the fierceſt foes aſſail,
Their darts I count as rattling hail.

III.

He is my rock, and he my tow'r;
The baſe how firm! the walls how ſure!
The battlements how high they riſe!
And hide their ſummits in the ſkies.

IV.

Deliv'rances to God belong;
He is my ſtrength, and he my ſong;
The horn of my ſalvation he,
And all my foes diſpers'd ſhall flee.

V.

Thro' the long march my lips ſhall ſing
My great protector, and my king,
Till *Zion*'s mount my feet aſcend,
And all my painful warfare end.

Rais'd

VI.

Rais'd on the shining turrets there,
Thro' all the prospect wide and fair,
A land of peace his hosts survey,
And bless the grace that led the way.

HYMN VI.

The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm lxxxix. 15.

I.

LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round,
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the LORD's accepted year.

II.

Ye *debtors*, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet ye fall,
Your gracious LORD forgives them all.

III.

Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

IV.

The rich estate by *Adam* lost,
Restor'd by CHRIST, you now may boast;
Fair *Salem* your arrival waits,
To golden streets, and pearly gates.

Her

V.

Her bleſt inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore:
No debt, but love immenſely great,
Whoſe joy ſtill riſes with the debt.

VI.

O happy ſouls that know the ſound!
GOD's light ſhall all their ſteps ſurround;
And ſhew that *Jubilee* begun,
Which thro' eternal years ſhall run.

HYMN VII.

The innumerable Mercies of God thankfully acknowledged. Pſalm cxxxix. 17, 18.

I.

IN glad amazement, LORD, I ſtand
Amidſt the bounties of thy hand;
How numberleſs thoſe bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

II.

But O! what poor returns I make!
What lifeleſs thanks I pay thee back!
LORD, I confeſs with humble ſhame,
My off'rings ſcarce deſerve the name.

III.

Fain would my lab'ring heart deviſe
To bring ſome nobler ſacrifice:
It ſinks beneath the mighty load:
What ſhall I render to my GOD?

IV.

To him I'd conſecrate my praiſe,
And vow the remnant of my days;
Yet what at beſt can I pretend
Worthy ſuch gifts from ſuch a friend?

V.

In deep abaſement, LORD, I ſee
My emptineſs and poverty:
Enrich my ſoul with grace divine,
And make it *wholly*, *ever*, thine.

VI.

Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heav'n may echo with my ſong;
The theme, too great for time, ſhall be
The joy of long eternity.

HYMN VIII.

Chriſt the Steward of God's Family. Iſaiah xxii. 22—24.

I.

WITH what delight I raiſe my eyes,
And view the courts, where *Jeſus*
Jeſus, who reigns beyond the ſkies, [dwells!
And here below his grace reveals.

II.

Of *David*'s royal houſe the *key*
Is borne by that majeſtic hand;
Manſions and treaſures there I ſee
Subjected all to his command.

He

III.

He ſhuts, and worlds might ſtrive in vain
The mighty obſtacle to move;
He looſes all their bars again,
And who ſhall ſhut the gates of love?

IV.

Fix'd in omnipotence he bears
The glories of his Father's name,
Suſtains his people's weighty cares,
Thro' ev'ry changing age the ſame.

V.

My little all I there ſuſpend,
Where the whole weight of heav'n is hung;
Secure I reſt on ſuch a friend,
And into raptures wake my tongue.

HYMN IX.

CHRIST, *the Lord our Righteouſneſs.* Jerem. xxiii. 6.

I.

SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we truſt;
Thou art the LORD our Righteouſneſs,
Thou art thine *Iſrael*'s boaſt.

II.

Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in duſt we lie,
Till *Jeſus* ſtretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

III.

The ſins of one moſt righteous day
Might plunge us in deſpair;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

IV.

That ſpotleſs robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of GOD
One blemiſh ſhall be found.

V.

Pardon and peace and lively hope
To ſinners now are giv'n;
Iſrael and *Judah* ſoon ſhall change
Their wilderneſs for heav'n.

HYMN X.

The poſſibility of dying this year. Jerem. xxviii. 16.

For New Year's Day.

I.

GOD of my life, thy conſtant care
With bleſſings crowns each op'ning year;
This guilty life doſt thou prolong;
And wake anew mine annual ſong.

How

II.

How many precious ſouls are fled
To the vaſt regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing ſun
Thro' his laſt yearly period run!

III.

We yet ſurvive; but who can ſay,
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,
"I will retain this vital breath;
"Thus far at leaſt in league with death*?"

IV.

That breath is thine, Eternal GOD;
'Tis thine to fix my ſoul's abode:
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

V.

To thee our ſpirits we reſign;
Make them and own them ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they ſmile, ſecure from fear,
Tho' death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

VI.

Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming ſhore,
Where years and death are known no more.

* *Iſaiah* xxviii. 15.

HYMN

HYMN XI.

God bringing his People into the Covenant under the Rod. Ezek. xx. 37.

I.

HOW gracious and how wiſe
Is our chaſtiſing God!
And O! how rich the bleſſings are,
Which bloſſom from his rod!

II.

He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That ev'ry ſtroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

III.

Inſtructed thus they bow,
And own his ſov'reign ſway;
They turn their erring footſteps back
To his forſaken way.

IV.

His cov'nant love they ſeek,
And ſeek the happy bands,
That cloſer ſtill engage their hearts
To honor his commands.

V.

Dear Father, we conſent
To diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the pains, that make our ſouls
Still more completely thine.

HYMN XII.

The Meek beautified with Salvation.

Pſalm cxlix. 4.

I.

YE humble ſouls rejoice,
And chearful triumphs ſing;
Wake all your harmony of voice,
For *Jeſus* is your king.

II.

That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your ſouls have known,
Pledges the honor of his word
T' avow you for his own.

III.

He brings ſalvation near,
For which his blood was paid:
How beauteous ſhall our ſouls appear
Thus ſumptuouſly array'd!

IV.

Sing, for the day is nigh,
When near your leader's ſeat
The talleſt ſons of pride ſhall lie,
The footſtool of your feet.

V.

Salvation, LORD, is thine;
And all thy ſaints confeſs,
The royal robes, in which they ſhine,
Were wrought by ſov'reign grace.

HYMN XIII.

God comforting and rejoicing over Zion.
Zeph. iii. 16, 17.

I.

YES, 'tis the voice of love divine!
And O! how ſweet the accents found!
Afflicted *Zion*, riſe and ſhine,
Fair mourner, proſtrate on the ground.

II.

The mighty GOD, thy glorious king,
Tender to pity, ſtrong to ſave,
Hath *ſworn*, he will ſalvation bring,
Tho' ſorrow preſs thee to the grave.

III.

He all a father's pleaſure knows
To fold thee in his dear embrace;
His heart with ſecret joy o'erflows,
And chearful ſmiles adorn his face.

IV.

At length the inward extacy
In heav'nly muſic breaks its way;
JEHOVAH leads the harmony,
And angels teach their harps the lay.

V.

Fain would my lips the chorus join,
And tell the liſt'ning world my joys,
But condeſcenſion ſo divine
In ſilence ſwallows up my voice.

HYMN XIV.

CHRIST, *the Sun of Righteouſneſs.*

Malachi iv. 2.

I.

TO thee, O GOD, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and ſpeaks thy name.

II.

In louder ſtrains we ſing that grace,
Which gives the *Sun of Righteouſneſs*;
Whoſe nobler light ſalvation brings,
And ſcatters healing from his Wings.

III.

Still on our hearts may *Jeſus* ſhine
With beams of light and love divine!
Quicken'd by him our ſouls ſhall live,
And chear'd by him ſhall grow and thrive.

IV.

O may his glories ſtand confeſs'd
From north to ſouth, from eaſt to weſt;
Succeſsful may his goſpel run
Wide as the circuit of the ſun!

V.

When ſhall that radiant ſcene ariſe,
When, fix'd on high in purer ſkies,
Chriſt all his luſtre ſhall diſplay
On all his ſaints thro' endleſs day?

HYMN

HYMN XV:

The attractive influence of a crucified Saviour. John xii. 32.

I.

BEHOLD th' amazing ſight,
The Saviour lifted high?
Behold the Son of GOD's delight
Expire in agony!

II.

For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all theſe ſorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing ſmart,
And meet that various ſcorn?

III.

For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died:
'Twas love, that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his guſhing ſide.

IV.

Drawn by ſuch cords as theſe,
Let all the earth combine
With chearful ardor to confeſs
The energy divine.

V.

In thee our hearts unite,
Nor ſhare thy griefs alone,
But from thy croſs purſue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

The Diſciples joy at CHRIST's *Appearance to them after his Reſurrection.* John xx. 19, 20.

I.

COME, our indulgent Saviour, come,
Illuſtrious conqu'ror o'er the tomb;
Here thine aſſembled ſervants bleſs,
And fill our hearts with ſacred peace.

II.

O come thy-ſelf, moſt gracious Lord,
With all the joy thy ſmiles afford;
Reveal the luſtre of thy face,
And make us feel thy vital grace.

III.

With rapture kneeling round we greet
Thy pierced hands, thy wounded feet;
And from the ſcar, that marks thy ſide,
We ſee our life's warm torrent glide.

IV.

Enter our hearts, Redeemer bleſt;
Enter, thou ever-honour'd gueſt,
Not for one tranſient hour alone,
But there to fix thy laſting throne.

V.

Own this mean dwelling as thy home;
And, when our life's laſt hour is come,
Let us but die, as in thy ſight,
And death ſhall vaniſh in delight.

HYMN XVII.

Appeal to CHRIST. John xxi. 15.

I.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and ſee;
And turn each curſed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

II.

Do not I love thee from my ſoul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When *Jeſus* cannot move.

III.

Is not thy name melodious ſtill
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulſe with pleaſure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

IV.

Thou know'ſt I love thee, deareſt LORD;
But O! I long to ſoar
Far from the ſphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HYMN XVIII.

Immutability of CHRIST. Heb. xiii. 8.

I.

HIGH on his Father's royal ſeat
Our *Jeſus* ſhone divinely great,
E'er *Adam*'s clay with life was warm'd,
Or *Gabriel*'s nobler ſpirit form'd.

Thro'

II.

Thro' all ſucceeding Ages he
The ſame *hath* been, the ſame *ſhall* be:
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While ſtars and ſuns wax old and fade.

III.

The ſame his *pow'r* his flock to guard;
The ſame his *bounty* to reward;
The ſame his *faithfulneſs* and *love*
To ſaints on earth, and ſaints above.

IV.

Let nature change and ſink and die;
Jeſus ſhall raiſe his choſen high,
And fix them near his ſtable throne
In glory changeleſs as his own.

HYMN XIX.

CHRIST *precious to the Believer.* 1 Peter ii. 7.

I.

JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis muſic to mine ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That earth and heav'n ſhould hear.

II.

Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport, and my truſt:
Jewels to me are empty toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

All

HYMN XXI.

Worthy is the Lamb, &c. Rev. v. 12.

I.

GLORY to God on high,
Let praiſes fill the ſky;
Praiſe ye his name.
Angels his name adore,
Who ſin and ſorrow bore,
And ſaints cry evermore
Worthy the LAMB.

II.

All thoſe around the throne,
Chearfully join in one,
Praiſing his name;
Him our exalted Lord,
By us below ador'd,
We praiſe with one accord,
Worthy the LAMB.

III.

Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bleſs,
Praiſe ye his name;
In him let us rejoice,
Making a chearful noiſe,
And ſay with heart and voice,
Worthy the LAMB.

HYMN XXII.

Chriſt, the Believer's ſupport under Trials.

I.

IN ev'ry trouble ſharp and ſtrong,
True faith to *Jeſus* flies;
It's anchor hold, is firm in him,
When ſwelling billows riſe.

II.

His comforts bear our ſpirits up,
We'd truſt a faithful God;
The ſure foundation of our hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

III.

Loud hallelujahs ſing each ſoul
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in ſorrow, life and death,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

HYMN XXIII.

Complaining of a hard Heart.

I.

OH! for a glance of heav'nly day
To take this ſtubborn ſtone away!
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

II.

The rocks can rent; the earth can quake;
The ſeas can roar; the mountains ſhake;
Of feeling all things ſhew *ſome* ſign,
But this *unfeeling* heart of mine.

III.

To hear the ſorrows thou haſt felt,
Dear LORD, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

IV.

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which Devils fear,
Goodneſs and wrath in vain combine
To ſtir this ſtupid heart of mine.

V.

But ſomething yet can do the deed,
And that dear ſomething much I need;
Thy Spirit can from droſs refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

VI.

Come then dear *Jeſus* in this hour,
And let thy Spirit by his pow'r
Perfect the work, for it is thine,
And break and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN XXIV.

Iſaiah lv. 1.

I.

HO! ev'ry one that thirſts, draw nigh,
('Tis GOD invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free ſalvation buy,
Buy wine and milk, and goſpel-grace.

Come

II.

Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's call,
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.

III.

See, from the rock a fountain rife!
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, ſin-ſick ſouls.

IV.

Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of GOD receive,
Pardon, and peace, in *Jeſus* find.

HYMN XXV.

VENI CREATOR.

I.

COME holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

II.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

III.

In vain we tune our formal ſongs;
In vain we ſtrive to riſe!
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

IV.

Dear LORD! and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

V.

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN XXVI.

GOD *glorious, and Sinners ſaved.*

I.

FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

II.

Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

III.

But when we view thy great deſign
To ſave rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms:

IV.

Here the whole DEITY is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

V.

Now the full glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright ſeraphs learn IMMANUEL's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

VI.

O, may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong.
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN XXVII.

Pſalm lxxxix. 14, 15, 16, 17.

I.

O What ſhall I do, my *Saviour* to praiſe;
So faithful, and true, ſo plenteous in grace;
So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem
The weakeſt believer, that hangs upon him!

How

II.

How happy the man, whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking of *Jeſus*'s grace.

III.

Their daily delight ſhall be in thy name,
They ſhall, as their right, thy Righteouſneſs claim:
Thy Righteouſneſs wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in the preſence of GOD.

HYMN XXVIII.

INVITATION.

I.

SINNERS, obey the goſpel-word,
Haſte to the ſupper of your LORD,
Be wiſe to know your gracious day.
All things are ready, come away!

II.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late returning ſon;
Ready the loving SAVIOUR ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

III.

Ready the Spirit of his love
Juſt now the ſtony heart to move;
T' apply and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh and ſeal you ſons of GOD.

Ready

IV.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

V.

Come, then ye ſinners to your LORD,
To happineſs in CHRIST reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel-grace.

HYMN XXIX.

Rev. iv. 11, *and* v, 11, 12,

I.

COME, let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

II.

Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus.
Worthy the LAMB our hearts reply,
For he was ſlain for us!

III.

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

The

IV.

The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

HYMN XXX.

Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.

II.

Joyful all ye nations riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies;
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem!*"

III.

CHRIST by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
CHRIST the everlaſting LORD!
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

IV.

Veil'd in fleſh the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
JESUS our EMMANUEL here,

Hail

V.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings!

VI.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

HYMN XXXI.

Phil. iv. 4.

I.

REJOICE the LORD is king;
Your LORD and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

II.

JESUS the Saviour reigns,
The GOD of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

His

III.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

IV.

He sits at GOD's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

V.

He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

VI.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
JESUS the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' *Archangel's* voice,
The trump of GOD shall sound rejoice.

HYMN XXXII.

The poor Sinner.

I.

GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive.
Full of guilt alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

II.

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

III.

Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my eyes,
The chief of ſinners I.
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in thee;
Friend of ſinners ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN XXXIII.

Heb. xi. 14, 15, 16.

I.

O Tell me no more,
Of this world's vain ſtore;
The time for ſuch trifles
With me now is o'er.

II.

A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd
On that happy ground.

III.

The ſouls that believe,
In Paradiſe live,
And me in that number
Will JESUS receive.

IV.

My ſoul don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Riſe, follow thy SAVIOUR,
And bleſs the glad day.

V.

No mortal doth know,
What he can beſtow,
What light, ſtrength, and comfort;
Go after him, go.

VI.

And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For JESUS hath lov'd me,
I cannot ſay why!

VII.

And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may ſhare
Theſe bleſſings: To ſeek them
Will none of you dare?

VIII.

In bondage, O why!
And death will you lie,
When CHRIST here aſſures you
Free grace is ſo nigh!

HYMN XXXIV.

Iſaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

I.

JESUS my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I ſee and I'll purſue
The narrow way, 'till Him I view.

II.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment,
The King's highway of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

III.

No ſtranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and ſin,
No lion, no devouring care,
No ſin, nor ſorrow ſhall be there.

IV.

No, nothing may go up thereon,
But trav'ling ſouls, and I am one:
Way-faring men to *Canaan* bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

V.

This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

VI.

The more I ſtrove againſt it's pow'r,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my SAVIOUR ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul," I am the way.

VII.

Lo! glad I come, and thou bleſs'd LAMB,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

Then

VIII.

Then will I tell to ſinners round;
What a dear SAVIOUR I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "Behold the way to GOD."

HYMN XXXV.

I.

GLORY be to GOD on high,
GOD whoſe glory fills the ſky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well belov'd of heav'n.

II.

CHRIST our LORD and GOD we own,
CHRIST the FATHER's only SON,
LAMB of GOD for ſinners ſlain,
SAVIOUR of offending man.

III.

Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou,
JESU! in thy name we pray,
Take, O take, our ſins away.

IV.

Pow'rful advocate with GOD,
Juſtify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear the world's atonement thou.

HYMN XXXVI.

Pſalm xxiii. John x. 11.

THE LORD my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care,
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply;
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou O LORD, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmer all around.

HYMN XXXVII.

Lamentations i. 22.

I.

ALL ye that paſs by,
To *Jeſus* draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that *Jeſus* ſhould die?
Your ranſom and peace,
Your ſurety he is;
Come ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

II.

For what ye have done
His blood muſt atone,
The *Father* hath puniſh'd for you his dear *Son*:
The *Lord*, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Our ſins on the *Lamb* and he bore them away.

III.

For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree,
The pray'r is accepted, the ſinner is free;
The ſinner am I,
Who on *Jeſus* rely,
And come for the pardon *God* cannot deny.

IV.

My pardon I claim,
For a ſinner I am,
A ſinner believing in *Jeſus*'s name;
He purchas'd the grace,
Which now I embrace,
O *Father*, thou know'ſt he hath dy'd in my place.

His

V.

His death is my plea,
My advocate ſee, [for me,
And hear the blood ſpeak that hath anſwer'd
Acquitted I was,
When he bled on the croſs: [cauſe,
And by loſing his life he hath carry'd my

HYMN XXXVIII.

EVENING.

I.

JESUS, the all-atoning Lamb,
Lover of loſt mankind,
Salvation in whoſe only name
A ſinful world can find:

II.

We aſk thy grace to make us clean,
We come to thee, our *God*;
Open, O *Lord*, for this day's ſin,
The fountain of thy blood.

III.

Hither our ſpotted ſouls be brought,
And ev'ry idle word,
And ev'ry work, and ev'ry thought,
That hath not pleas'd our *Lord*.

Hither

IV.

Hither our actions, righteous deem'd,
By man, and counted good,
As filthy rags by GOD eſteem'd,
'Till ſprinkled with thy blood.

HYMN XXXIX.

Farewel to the world.

I.

WORLD adieu! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Fooliſh hopes, and falſe alarms;
Now I ſee, as clear as day,
How thy follies paſs away.

II.

Vain thy entertaining ſights,
Falſe thy promiſes renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit, for heav'n above,
Object of the nobleſt love.

III.

Farewell honour's empty pride,
Thy own nice, uncertain guſt,
If the leaſt miſchance betide,
Lays thee lower than the duſt:
Worldly honours end in gall,
Riſe to-day—to morrow fall.

IV.

LORD! how happy is a heart
After thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou ſhalt anſwer it's deſires:
It ſhall ſee the glorious ſcene
Of thine everlaſting reign.

HYMN XL.

Heavenly joy on Earth.

I.

COME ye that love the *Lord*,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround the throne.

II.

The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our comforts leſs.

III.

Let *thoſe* refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our *God*;
But *children* of the heav'nly King
Will ſpeak their joys abroad.

The

IV.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

V.

The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

VI.

Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN XLI.

Reſurrection of CHRIST.

I.

CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day!
Sons of men and angels ſay,
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

II.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

III.

Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
CHRIST hath burſt the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradiſe.

IV.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death is now thy ſting!
Once he died our ſouls to ſave,
Where thy victory, O grave!

V.

Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
Foll'wing our exalted head,
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Our's the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

VI.

Hail the LORD of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the *Reſurrection*——thou!

HYMN XLII.

ASCENSION.

I.

HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes!
Chriſt awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native heav'n.

There

There the pompous triumph waits,
" Lift your heads, eternal gates!
" Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
" Take the king of glory in!"

II.

Him, though higheſt heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

III.

Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our LORD ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home!
There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee!

HYMN XLIII.

The Same.

Lift up your heads, &c. PSALM xxiv. 7.

1.

OUR *Lord* is riſen from the dead,
Our *Jeſus* is gone up on high,
The powr's of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky. There

II.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!

III.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in!

IV.

Who is the king of glory who?
The *Lord* that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And *Jesus* is the conqu'ror's name.

V.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!

VI.

Who is the King of glory who?
The *Lord* of glorious pow'r possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN

HYMN XLIV.

PSALM XCV. I.

I.

AWAKE, and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the *Lamb*,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praiſe the *Saviour's* name.

II.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing power,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore,

III.

Sing 'till we feel our hearts
Aſcending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

IV.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners ſing,
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day
In *Chriſt* th' eternal king.

V.

Soon ſhall ye hear him ſay,
"Ye bleſſed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

HYMN XLV.

PSALM xciii.

I.

YE ſervants of *God*,
Your maſter proclaim,
And publiſh abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all-victorious
Of *Jeſus* extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

II.

Salvation to *God*,
Who ſits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the *Son*:
Our *Jeſus*'s praiſes
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worſhip the *Lamb*.

III.

Then let us adore
And give him his right,
All glory and pow'r,
And wiſdom, and might;
All honor and bleſſing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceaſing,
And infinite love.

HYMN XLVI.

I.

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the *Creator*'s praiſe ariſe;
Let the *Redeemer*'s name be ſung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy mercies, *Lord*,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

HYMN XLVII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

I.

NOW to the pow'r of *God* ſupreme,
Be everlaſting honours giv'n;
He ſaves from hell, (we bleſs his name)
He calls loſt wand'ring ſouls to heav'n.

II.

Not for our duties or deſerts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

III.

'Twas his own purpoſe that begun
To reſcue rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us grace in *Chriſt* his *Son*,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

IV.

Jeſus, the *Lord*, appears at laſt,
And makes his *Father*'s counſels known,
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down.

HYMN XLVIII.

I.

O Come thou wounded Lamb of *God*!
Come waſh us in thy cleanſing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

II.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our breaſts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

III.

How can it be thou heav'nly King
That thou ſhould'ſt man to glory bring!
Make ſlaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

IV.

Ah, *Lord*! enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought,
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable.

V.

Firſt-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n muſt bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

HYMN XLIX.

The Second Advent. Rev. i. 7.

I.

LO! he comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

II.

Every eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true *Meſſiah* ſee.

III.

Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

Now

IV.

Now redemption long expected,
See! in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his ſaints, by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of *God* appear;

V.

Anſwer thine own bride and ſpirit,
Haſten, *Lord*, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails! groans! and bids thee come

VI.

Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thy own;
O come quickly!
Halleiujah! come, *Lord*, come!

HYMN L.

The Same. Rev. xi. 15.

I.

HE comes! he comes! the judge ſevere!
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome to the faithful ſoul. From

II.

From heav'n, angelic voices ſound,
See the Almighty *Jeſus* crown'd;
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the *Saviour's* face!
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks the *Saviour's* face!

III.

Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant *Lord*:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, their triumphant *Lord*.

IV.

Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the *Moſt High*:
Our *God*, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.

V.

The *Father* praiſe, the *Son* adore,
The *Spirit* bleſs for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome thee *Great Three in One*.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome thee *Great Three in One*.

HYMN

HYMN LI.

Hymn to the TRINITY.

I.

PRAISE be to the *Father* given,
Chriſt he gave
Us to ſave,
Now the heirs of heaven.

II.

Pay we equal adoration
To the *Son*;
He alone
Wrought out our ſalvation,

III.

Glory to th' eternal *Spirit*,
Us he ſeals,
Chriſt reveals,
And applies his merit.

IV.

Worſhip, honor, thanks and bleſſing,
One in *Three*,
Give we thee,
Never, never ceaſing!

HYMN LII.

Zech. xiii. 1.

I.

HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is,
Our ſin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive ſouls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

But

II.

But there's a voice of ſov'reign grace
Sounds from *God*'s ſacred word;
Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners come
And truſt upon the *Lord*.

III.

O may we hear th' almighty call,
And run to this relief!
We would believe thy promiſe, *Lord*,
O help our unbelief!

IV.

To the bleſt fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O *Lord*, to fly:
There may we waſh our ſpotted ſouls
From crimes of deepeſt dye!

V.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning ſins ſubdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his ſeat,
With his infernal crew.

VI.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs worms,
Into thine hands we fall;
Be thou our ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Our *Jeſus*, and our all!

HYMN

HYMN LIII.

MORNING.

I.

RISE, my ſoul! adore thy Maker;
Angels praiſe,
Join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

II.

Sov'reign *Lord* of ev'ry ſpirit,
In thy light
Lead me right,
Thro' my *Saviour's* merit.

III.

Thou this night was't my protector,
With me ſtay
All the day,
Ever my director.

IV.

Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever!

V.

Glory, honor, thanks and bleſſing,
One in *Three*
Give we thee,
Never, never ceaſing!

HYMN LIV.

EVENING.

I.

ERE I ſleep, for ev'ry favor
This day ſhew'd
By my *God*, - - -
I will bleſs my *Saviour*.

II.

O my *Lord* what ſhall I render
To thy name,
Still the ſame,
Gracious, good, and tender!

III.

Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace
Be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

IV.

Viſit me with thy ſalvation;
Let thy care
Now be near,
Round my habitation.

V.

Thou my rock, my guard, my tow'r,
Safely keep,
While I ſleep,
Me with all thy pow'r.

VI.

So whene'er in death I ſlumber,
Let me riſe
With the wiſe,
Counted in their number!

HYMN LV.

The Same.

I.

NO farther go to-night, but ſtay,
Dear *Saviour* till the break of day:
Turn in dear *Lord*, with me;
And in the morning when I wake,
Me in thine arms, my *Jeſus*, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

HYMN LVI.

For the LORD's *Day.*

I.

THE *Lord* of ſabbath let us praiſe,
In concert with the bleſt,
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endleſs reſt.

II.

Thus, *Lord* while we remember thee,
We bleſt and pious grow:
By hymns of praiſe we learn to be,
Triumphant here below.

On

III.

On this glad day a brighter ſcene
Of glory was diſplay'd
By *God*, th' eternal *Word*, than when
This univerſe was made.

IV.

He riſes, who mankind hath bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to ſpeak the world from nought—
'Twas greater to redeem!

HYMN LVII.

Life and Eternity.

I.

THEE we adore, eternal name;
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame.
What dying worms we be!

II.

Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe!
And every beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

III.

The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave!

Dangers

II.

But O, what gentle terms;
What condescending ways,
Doth our *Redeemer* use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My soul, with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for thee.

III.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

IV.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty sinner seek
No sacrifice beside:
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

Thou

V.

Thou dear almighty *Lord*,
Our conqu'ror and our king,
Thy ſcepter and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing.
Thine is the pow'r;
O may we ſit,
In willing bonds,
Beneath thy feet!

HYMN LX.

The Same.

I.

ARRAY'D in mortal fleſh,
Lo the *Great Angel* ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

II.

Be thou our counſellor,
Our pattern and our guide!
And through this deſart land
Still keep us near thy ſide!
O let our feet
Ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek
The crooked way!

We'd

III.

We'd hear our ſhepherd's voice,
Whoſe watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring ſouls among
The thouſands of his ſheep,
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His boſom bears
The tender lambs.

IV.

To this dear ſurety's hands,
My ſoul commend thy cauſe,
He anſwers and fulfils
His *Father*'s broken laws:
Believing ſouls
Now free are ſet;
For *Chriſt* hath paid,
Their dreadful debt.

V.

Then let our ſouls ariſe,
And tread the tempter down;
Our captain leads us forth
To conqueſt and a crown.
March on! nor fear
To win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obſtruct the way.

HYMN LXI.

I.

COME thou fount of ev'ry bleſſing!
Tune mine heart to ſing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of *God*'s unchanging love!

II.

Here I raiſe my *Eben-ezer*,
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jeſus ſought me, when a ſtranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of *God*,
He, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

III.

O! to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, now like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, *Lord*, I feel it,
Prone to leave the *God* I love—
Here's mine heart—O take, and ſeal it!
Seal it from thy courts above!

HYMN LXII.

Iſaiah xl. 29.

I.

SON of *God!* thy bleſſing grant,
Still ſupply my ev'ry want,
Tree of life thine influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed!

II.

Tend'reſt branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die:
Weak as helpleſs infancy—
O confirm my ſoul in thee!

III.

Unſuſtain'd by thee I fall,
Send the ſtrength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

IV.

All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me! ſave me to the end!
Give me the continuing grace——
Take the everlaſting praiſe!

HYMN LXIII.

2 Kings x. 15.

I.

COME let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above:

If thine heart be as mine,
If for *Jeſus* it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

II.

Who in *Jeſus* confide,
They are bold to outride
The ſtorms of affliction beneath:
With the prophet they ſoar
To that heavenly ſhore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

III.

By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies ——
For the heaven of heavens is love!

IV.

Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the city of *God* the great King!
What a concert of praiſe,
When our *Jeſus*'s grace,
The whole heav'nly company ſing!

V.

What a rapturous ſong
When the glorify'd throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join?

Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

VI.

Hallelujah they cry
To the king of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I *AM*,
To the *Lamb* that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to *God* and the *Lamb* !

HYMN LXIV.

Praiſe to the REDEEMER.

I.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

II.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

III.

Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled,

Enter'd

Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

IV.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The *Saviour*'s praiſes ſpeak.

V.

Angels aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN LXV.

PSALM C.

I.

BEFORE *Jehovah*'s awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy,
Know that the *Lord* is *God* alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

II.

His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll

III.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

IV.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN LXVI.

PSALM cl.

I.

PRAISE the *Lord*, who reigns above,
And keeps his court below,
Praiſe the holy *God* of love,
And all his greatneſs ſhew:
Praiſe him for his noble deeds,
Praiſe him for his matchleſs pow'r;
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

II.

Publiſh, ſpread to all around,
The great *Immanuel*'s name,
Let the trumpet's martial ſound,
Him *Lord* of *Hoſts* proclaim:
Praiſe him ev'ry tuneful ſtring,
All the reach of heav'nly art,
All the pow'rs of muſic bring,
The muſic of the heart.

Him

III.

Him, in whom they move, and live,
Let every creature ſing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King:
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth ador'd,
Praiſe the *Lord* in every breath;
Let all things praiſe the *Lord!*

HYMN LXVII.

CHRIST'S *Commiſſion.*

I.

RAISE your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds,
Celeſtial grace has done.

II.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched race
From their abyſs of woes.

III.

His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty ſouls
To fiercer flames below.

'Twas

IV.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When *Chriſt* was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

V.

Now, ſinners dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrows ceaſe:
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

VI.

May we obey the call,
And lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation he hath brought,
And love, and praiſe his name!

HYMN LXVIII.

For New Year's Day.

Luke xiii. 6.—11.

I.

THE *Lord* of earth and ſky,
The *God* of ages praiſe!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

Barren

II.

Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found!
Yet did he us in mercy ſpare,
Another and another year.

III.

When juſtice bar'd the ſword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our *Lord*
Cry'd "Let it ſtill alone,"
The *Father* mild inclin'd his ear,
And ſpar'd us yet another year.

IV.

Jeſus thy ſpeaking blood
From *God* obtain'd the grace.
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace:
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year!

V.

Then dig about the root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound:
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

ANOTHER.

HYMN LXIX.

I.

COME let us anew
Our Journey purſue,
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill till the *Maſter* appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

II.

Our life is a dream,
Our time as a ſtream,
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millenial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and eternity's here!

III.

O that each in the day
Of his coming may ſay,
"I have fought my way thro',
"I have finiſh'd the work thou didſt give me to do."

O that

O that each from his *Lord*
May receive the glad word,
" Well and faithfully done,
" Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my
throne."

HYMN LXX.

Iſaiah xxxv. 10.

I.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing:
Sing your *Saviour*'s worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways!

II.

Ye are trav'ling home to *God*,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

III.

O, ye baniſh'd ſeed, be glad!
Chriſt our advocate is made;
Us, to ſave, our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

IV.

Shout, ye little flock, and bleſt,
You on *Jeſu's* throne ſhall reſt!
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

V.

Fear not brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land!
Jeſus Chriſt, your *Father's Son*,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

VI.

Lord! obedientlly we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

HYMN LXXI.

Phil. ii. 9, 10, 11.

I.

LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd
To celebrate with me
The *Saviour* of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning *Lamb*,
And bleſs the ſound of *Jeſu's* name.

II.

Jeſus! tranſporting ſound;
The joy of earth and heav'n,
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can ſalvation have—
But *Jeſus* came the world to ſave.

Jeſus!

III.

Jeſus! harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to ſee, our *Jeſu*'s face.

IV.

His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy!

HYMN LXXII.

The Pilgrim's Hymn. A Dialogue.

I.

TELL us, O women, we wou'd know
Whither ſo faſt ye move;
We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are ſeeking one above.

II.

Whence came ye, ſay, and where the place
That ye are trav'ling from?
From Tribulation, we, thro' grace,
Are now returning home.

III.

Is not your native country here?
Like you not this abode?
We ſeek a better country far,
A city built by GOD.

IV.

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliſs to reſt;
Nor we, 'till in the ſinner's friend
Our weary ſouls are bleſs'd.

V.

Friends of the bridegroom we ſhall reign,
Saviour, we aſk no more;
Hail Lamb of GOD, for ſinners ſlain,
Whom heaven and earth adore!

HYMN LXXIII.

Epheſ. ii. 13.

I.

OF him who did ſalvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think and ſing
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

II.

Eternal *Lord*, Almighty King,
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'ſt all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love!

III.

To purge our ſins, *Chriſt* ſhed his blood,
He di'd to bring us near to *GOD*:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but *GOD* ſuch love could ſhow.

HYMN LXXIV.

Heb. x. 4, 10.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

I.

NOT all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

II.

But *Chriſt* the heav'nly *Lamb*,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they!

III.

My faith wou'd lay its hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand
And there confeſs my ſin.

IV.

My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou diſt bear,
When hanging on th' accurſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing

V.

Believing we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the *Lamb* with chearful voice
And ſing his bleeding love.

HYMN LXXV.

To JESUS CHRIST.

I.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles truſt,
Thou only holy, only juſt,
Oh tune our ſouls to praiſe thy name,
Jeſus! unchangeable, the ſame!

II.

If angels, whilſt to thee they ſing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing,
How ſhall we ſinful duſt draw nigh
The great, the awful *Deity*!

III.

Glory to thee, auſpicious *Lamb!*
Thou holy *Lord*, thou great *I AM!*
With all our pow'r, thy grace we bleſs
Our joy, our peace, our righteouſneſs!

IV.

Live, ever glorious *Jeſus*! live,
Worthy all bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet!

HYMN

HYMN LXXVI.

Unfruitfulneſs.

I.

LONG have we ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, *Lord*,
But ſtill how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

II.

Oft we frequent thine holy place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain:
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
Do our falſe hearts retain!

III.

Our gracious *Saviour* and our *GOD*
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And bleſſings of thy throne?

IV.

How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above,
How few affections there!

V.

Great *GOD*, thy ſov'reign aid impart,
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation on our hearts,
And make us learn thy grace.

VI.

Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.

HYMN LXXVII.

Morning or Evening.

I.

O *GOD*, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

II.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command,
To thee we conſecrate our days!
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe!

HYMN LXXVIII.

On the Lord's Day.

I.

THIS is the day the *Lord* hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

To-day

II.

To-day *Chriſt* roſe, and left the dead,
And ſatan's empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

III.

Hoſanna to th' anointed king,
To David's holy ſon!
Help us, O *Lord*, deſcend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne!

IV.

Hoſanna, in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

HYMN LXXIX.

A Bleſſed Gospel.

I.

BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound,
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

II.

Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Thro' their *Redeemer*'s name:
His righteouſneſs exalts their hopes,
Nor ſatan dares condemn.

III.

The *Lord* our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives:
Iſrael, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy *GOD* for ever lives.

HYMN LXXX.

Adoring CHRIST.

I.

BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
Jeſus Chriſt, our joy and peace,
Let our praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at *GOD*'s right-hand in heav'n!

II.

Maſter, ſee! to thee we bow,
Thou art *Lord*, and only thou;
Thou the bleſſed virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church and head.

III.

Thee the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe, our prieſt, our king;
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory full of grace.

IV.

Thou haſt the glad tidings brought
Of ſalvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worſhip in their company.

We

V.

We, thy little flock adore
Thee, the *Lord* for evermore!
Ever with us, ſhew thy love,
'Till we join with thoſe above!

HYMN LXXXI.

SALVATION.

I.

SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

II.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around—
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound!

HYMN LXXXII.

CHRIST our great Melchiſedec.

I.

THOU dear *Redeemer*, dying *Lamb*!
We love to hear of thee;
No muſic like thy charming name,
Nor half ſo ſweet can be!
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us ſpeak!
And in our prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec!

Our

II.

Our *Jeſus* ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay,
We'll ſing our *Jeſu*'s lovely name,
When all things elſe decay.
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And *Chriſt* ſhall be our ſong.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Delivered for our Offences——Raiſed again for our Juſtification, Rom. iv. 25.

I.

HE dies! the *Friend* of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

II.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The *Lord* of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again!
The riſing *GOD* forſakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

Break

III.

Break off your tears, ye ſaints! and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains!
Say "Live for ever, wond'rous king!
"Born to redeem! and ſtrong to ſave;"
Then aſk the monſter—"where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?"

HYMN LXXXIV.

THANKSGIVING.

I.

MY ſoul repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

II.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd,
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

III.

The pity of the *Lord*,
To thoſe that fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame,

Our

IV.

Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

V.

But thy compaſſions, *Lord*,
To endleſs years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promiſe ſure.

HYMN LXXXV.

I.

TO *God* the only wiſe,
Our *Saviour*, and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

II.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

III.

He will preſent his ſaints
Unblemiſh'd and compleat
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

IV.

Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

V.

To our redeeming GOD.
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs!

HYMN LXXXVI.

Public Worſhip.

I.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, LORD, in vain?

II.

LORD, on thee our ſouls depend;
In compaſſion now deſcend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

III.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee—here we ſtay,
LORD, we know not how to go
'Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

IV.

Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

V.

Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Thoſe that are caſt down lift up,
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope !

VI.

Grant that all may ſeek and find
Thee a faithful God and kind ;
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN LXXXVII.

It is finiſh'd! John xix. 30.

I.

"'TIS finiſh'd," the *Redeemer* ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying head ;
Whilſt we this ſentence ſcan,
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of our *Lord*,
Compleat for helpleſs man.

Finiſh'd

II.

Finiſh'd the righteouſneſs of grace,
Finiſh'd for ſinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accuſing law, cancel'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended *God*
In ſweet oblivion laid.

III.

Who now ſhall urge a ſecond claim?
The law, no longer can condemn,
Faith a releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a friend appears,
The priſon-houſe a whiſper hears,
"Looſe him and let him go."

IV.

O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting fruitleſs fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
"'Tis finiſh'd," ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry cry.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

GOD's Goodneſs to his People.

PSALM xxiii.

I.

THE *Lord* ſupplies his people's need,
Jehovah is his name;
In paſtures freſh he makes them feed
Beſide the living ſtream.

II.

He brings their wand'ring ſpirits back,
When they forſake his ways,
And leads them, for his mercy's ſake,
In paths of truth and grace.

III.

When they walk thro' the ſhades of death,
His preſence is their ſtay:
A word of his ſupporting breath
Drives all their fears away.

IV.

His hand in ſight of all their foes
Doth ſtill their table ſpread,
Their cup with bleſſings overflows,
His oil anoints their head.

V.

The ſure proviſions of our *God*,
Attend us all our days:
O may his houſe be our abode,
And all our work his praiſe!

HYMN LXXXIX.

As the Sufferings of CHRIST abound in us, ſo our Conſolation alſo aboundeth by CHRIST. 2 Cor. i. 5.

I.

COME on my part'ners in diſtreſs,
My comrades thro' the wilderneſs,
Who ſtill your bodies feel!

A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears
To that celeſtial hill.

II.

See where the *Lamb* in glory ſtands,
Incircled with his radiant bands,
And join th' angelic pow'rs;
For all that height of glorious bliſs,
Our everlaſting portion is,
And all that heav'n is ours.

III.

Who ſuffer for our maſter here,
We ſhall before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down;
To patient faith the prize is ſure,
And thoſe that to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

IV.

Thrice bleſſed bliſs!—inſpiring hope!
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up!
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And you and I aſcend at laſt,
Triumphant with our head.

V.

That great myſterious *Deity*
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee——
The beatific ſight,

Shall

Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light!

HYMN XC.

FUNERAL HYMN

On the Death of a Believer.

I.

AH lovely appearance of death,
No ſight upon earth is ſo fair:
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in it's ſtead.

II.

How bleſt is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How eaſy the ſoul, that hath left
This weariſome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relicks with envy I ſee:
No longer in miſery now;
No longer a ſinner like me.

III.

This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain:

The

The war in the members is o'er
And never ſhall vex him again ;
No anger henceforward, or ſhame,
Shall redden this innocent clay,
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

IV.

This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain :
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

V.

The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep :
The fountains can yield no ſupplies,
Theſe hollows from water are free ;
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

VI.

To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death :

What

What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become,
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſigned to the tomb!

HYMN XCI.

ANOTHER.

I.

HOSANNA to *Jeſus* on high!
Another is enter'd his reſt,
Another is 'ſcap'd to the ſky,
And lodg'd in *Immanuel*'s breaſt;
The ſoul of our brother is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to *Jeſus*'s throne,
Exalted by *Jeſus*'s love!

II.

How happy the angels that fall
Tranſported at *Jeſus*'s name,
The ſaints whom he ſooneſt ſhall call
To ſhare in the feaſt of the *Lamb!*
No longer impriſon'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon ſhall fly?
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away?
My merciful *God*——Is it I?

III.

O *Jeſus!* if this be thy will,
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,

Thy

Thy counſel of mercy reveal,
And whiſper the call to my heart:
O give me a ſignal to know,
If ſoon thou wouldſt have me remove;
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN XCII.

ANOTHER.

I.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high:
Shall join the diſembody'd ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt,
That only bliſs for which it pants,
In the *Redeemer*'s breaſt.

II.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain:
I ſuffer on my threeſcore years
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his ſervant's tears
And take his exile home.

III.

O what hath *Jeſus* bought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of Paradiſe!
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there,
They all are rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

VI.

O what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If, *Lord*, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life and friends away!
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day!

HYMN XCIII.

For one under Temptation.

I.

JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high;
Hide me, O my *Saviour*, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt.

Other

II.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

III.

Thou, O *Chriſt*, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raiſe the fallen, chear the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind.
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs!
Vile and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

IV.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within mine heart,
Riſe to all eternity!

HYMN XCIV.

Heb. xii. 2.

I.

HOW glorious the *Lamb*
Is ſeen on his throne!
His labours are o'er,
His conqueſts put on;
A kingdom is giv'n
Into the *Lamb*'s hand,
In earth and in heav'n,
For ever to ſtand.

II.

Ye ſinners below
Then truſt in the *Lord*,
Look up to his arm,
His honor, his word;
Athirſt for his favor,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your *Saviour*,
And joy evermore!

HYMN XCV.

Redeeming Love.

I.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in *Jeſu*'s name,
Ye, who *Jeſu's* kindneſs prove
Triumph in *Redeeming Love*.

Ye

II.

Ye, who ſee the father's grace
Beaming in the *Saviour's* face,
As to Canaan on ye move
Praiſe and bleſs *Redeeming Love*.

III.

Mourning ſouls dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love*.

IV.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin,
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte *Redeeming Love*.

V.

Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome, to his ſacred reſt,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but *Redeeming Love*.

VI.

He ſubdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours;
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in *Redeeming Love*.

VII.

Hither then your muſick bring,
Strike aloud each joyful ſtring,
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe *Redeeming Love*.

HYMN

HYMN XCVI.

For Good Friday.

I.

WHO hath our report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own,
Promis'd *Branch* from root of *Jeſſe*,
David's offspring ſent to bleſs ye,
Comes too meekly to be known.

II.

Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
What is thy fond expectation?
Some fair, ſpreading lofty tree?
Let not worldly pride confound thee,
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the *Loweſt*—that is *He*,

III.

Like a tender plant that's growing
Where no waters, friendly flowing,
No kind rains refreſh the ground:
Drooping, dying, we ſhall view him,
See no charms to draw us to him,
There no beauty will be found.

IV.

Lo! *Meſſiah* unreſpected!
Man of griefs, deſpis'd, rejected!
Wounds his form disfiguring,
Marr'd his viſage more than any,
For he bears the ſins of many,
All our ſorrows carrying,

V.

No deceit his mouth had ſpoken,
Blameleſs he no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worſt:
For, becauſe the *Lord* would grieve him,
We, who ſaw it, did believe him,
For his own offences curſt.

VI.

But while him our thoughts accuſed,
He for us alone was bruiſed,
Stricken, ſmitten for our guilt:
With his ſtripes, our wounds are cured,
By his pains, our peace aſſured,
Purchas'd with the blood he ſpilt.

VII.

Love amazing; ſo to mind us,
Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,
Silly ſheep all gone aſtray,
Loſt, undone by our tranſgreſſions,
Worſe than ſtript of all poſſeſſions,
Debtors without hope to pay.

VIII.

Fear our portion, ſlaves in ſpirit,——
He redeem'd us by his merit
To a glorious liberty:
Dearly firſt his goodneſs bought us,
Truth and love then ſweetly taught us,
Truth and love have made us free.

Bleſſed

IX.

Bleſſed be the pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave his *Son* to ſave us,
Bleſs'd the *Son* who freely came:
Honor, bleſſing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to *God* and to the *Lamb*.

HYMN XCVII.

GOD forbid that I ſhould Glory, &c.
Gal. vi. 14.

I.

WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs,
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count my loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

II.

Forbid it, *Lord*, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the croſs of *Chriſt*, my *God*:
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I'd ſacrifice them for his blood.

HYMN XCVIII.

Thy Word is Truth. John xvii. 17.

I.

MY hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,
And ſhield, art thou, O *Lord*,
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

Engrav'd,

II.

Engrav'd, as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

III.

The ſacred word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies.
The voice which rolls the ſtars along,
Spake all the promiſes.

VI.

My hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,
And ſhield art thou, O *Lord*,
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

HYMN XCIX.

The Chriſtian's Triumph in the Righteouſneſs of the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

I.

JESU thy blood and righteouſneſs,
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs,
Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

II.

When from the duſt of death I riſe
To claim my manſion in the ſkies,
Ev'n then, ſhall this be all my plea,
"*Jeſus* hath liv'd and dy'd for me."

III.

Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' thee abſolv'd I am
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

IV.

Thus *Abraham*, the friend of *God*,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

V.

This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of *Chriſt* is ever new.

VI.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſus, the *Lord our Righteouſneſs*.

HYMN C.

A Funeral Hymn.

I.

IN this world of ſin and ſorrow,
Compaſs'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope, that can exclude deſpair:

Thee

Thee, triumphant *God* and *Saviour*,
In the glaſs of faith we ſee:
O aſſiſt each faint endeavour!
Raiſe our earth-born ſouls to thee.

II.

Place that awful ſcene before us
Of the laſt tremendous day,
When to life thou ſhalt reſtore us,—
Ling'ring ages, haſt away!
Then this vile and ſinful nature
Incorruption ſhall put on:
Life-renewing, glorious *Saviour*!
Let thy gracious will be done.

HYMN CI.

I.

O *Lord*, how great's the favour!
That we ſuch ſinners poor,
Can thro' thy blood's ſweet ſavour
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open paſſage
Unto the throne of grace,
There wait the welcome meſſage
That bids us go in peace.

II.

Lord, we are helpleſs creatures,
Full of the deepeſt need,

Throughout

Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead;
Our ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all we have is ſin,
Our hearts are all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

III.

In this forlorn condition,
Who ſhall afford us aid?
Where ſhall we find compaſſion,
But in the church's head?
Jeſus, thou art all pity,
Oh take us to thine arms,
And exerciſe thy mercy,
To ſave us from all harms.

IV.

We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of ſaints:
Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.

V.

Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate

Th' amazing, pleaſing ſtory,
Of *Jeſus*'s love ſo great:
In this bleſt contemplation
We ſhall for ever dwell,
And prove ſuch conſolation
As none below can tell.

HYMN CII.

Having loved his own, which were in the World, he loved them unto the end. John xiii. 1.

I.

THIS *God* is the *God* we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.

II.

'Tis *Jeſus* the *Firſt*, and the *Laſt*,
Whoſe *Spirit* ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

HYMN CIII.

The Believer's earneſt Expectation and Hope. Phil. i. 20.

I.

HE is a *God* of ſov'reign love
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above
Where happy ſpirits be.

Prepare

II.

Prepare me, *Lord*, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day!
Come death, and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

III.

Then, my beloved, take my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode,
That, face to face, I may behold
My *Saviour* and my *God*.

HYMN CIV.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Iſ. liii. 6.

I.

ARISE my ſoul; with wonder ſee,
What love divine for thee hath done,
Behold thy ſorrow, ſin, and grief,
Are laid on *God*'s eternal *Son*.

II.

See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down,
Did e'er ſuch love, ſuch ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo bright a crown?

III.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

HYMN

HYMN CV.

Pſalm cxiii.

I.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the *Lord*,
The triumphs of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs:
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs:

II.

God thro' the world extends his ſway,
The regions of eternal day,
But ſhadows of his glory are,
With him, whoſe majeſty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

III.

Tho' 'tis beneath his ſtate to view
In higheſt heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchſafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion of the greateſt there.

IV.

To *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*,
The *God* whom heaven's triumphant hoſt
And ſuff'ring ſaints on earth adore,

Be glory as in ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt
When earth and heav'n ſhall be no more.

HYMN CVI.

I.

O *Jeſu*, our *Lord*,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd thro' thy word.

II.

In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace;
And chearfully join in a concert of praiſe.

III.

The *Antient of Days*
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.

IV.

The trumpet of *God*
Is ſounding abroad
The language of mercy, ſalvation thro' blood.

V.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey;
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel-day.

The

VI.

The people, who know
The *Saviour*, below,
With burning affection to worſhip him glow.

VII.

Their anguiſh and ſmart
And ſorrows depart,
Who find his ſalvation inſcrib'd on their heart.

VIII.

This bleſſing be mine
Thro' favor divine:
But O my *Redeemer* the glory be thine!

IX.

The work is of grace;
Thine, thine be the praiſe!
And mine to adore thee and tell of thy ways.

HYMN CVII.

Not aſhamed of the Goſpel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

I.

I'M not aſham'd to own my *Lord*,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

II.

Jeſus, my *God!* I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

III.

Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the deciſive hour.

IV.

Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

HYMN CVIII.

Saints in the hands of CHRIST, John x. 28, 29.

I.

FIRM as the earth thy goſpel ſtands,
My *Lord*, my hope, my truſt:
If I am found in *Jeſu's* hands,
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

II.

His honour is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his ſheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands ſecurely keep.

III.

Nor death nor hell ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt;
In the dear boſom of his love
They muſt for ever reſt.

HYMN CIX.

Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7 10, Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.
(For thoſe who practiſe Infant-Baptiſm.)

I.

THUS ſaith the mercy of the *Lord*,
I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bleſs thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a ſeed for me.

II.

Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his ſon to *God*;
But water ſeals the bleſſings now,
That once were ſeal'd with blood.

III.

Thus *Lydia* ſanctify'd her houſe,
When ſhe receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His houſhold to the *Lord*.

IV.

Thus later ſaints, eternal King,
Thine antient truth embrace;
To thee their infant-offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN

HYMN CX.

An Evening Song.

I.

DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning ſong,
Like holy incenſe riſe;
Aſſiſt the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

II.

Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.

III.

Perpetual bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around,
But O how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found!

IV.

What have I done for Him that dy'd,
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Faſt as my minutes roll!

V.

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

Sprinkled

VI.

Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my *God*,
Or on my *Saviour*'s breaſt.

HYMN CXI.

Godly Sorrow ariſing from the Sufferings of CHRIST.

I.

ALAS! and did my *Saviour* bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred head,
For ſuch a worm as I?

II.

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

III.

Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,
When *God* the mighty Maker dy'd,
For man the creature's ſin.

IV.

Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But

V.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, *Lord*, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CXII.

The Faithfulneſs of God in the Promiſe.

I.

BEGIN my tongue, ſome heav'nly theme
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

II.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing *God*.

III.

Proclaim "Salvation from the *Lord*,
"For wretched dying men,
His hand has writ the ſacred word,
With an immortal pen.

VI.

His very word of grace is ſtrong,
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice that rolls the ſtars along,
Spake all the promiſes.

V.

He ſaid, " Let the wide heav'n be ſpread,"
And heav'n was ſtretch'd abroad;
" *Abrah'm*, I'll be thy *God*," he ſaid,
And he was *Abrah'm*'s *God*.

VI.

Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whiſper, *Thou art mine!*
Thoſe gentle words ſhould raiſe my ſong,
To notes almoſt divine.

VII.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n ſecure!
I truſt the all-creating voice,
And faith deſires no more.

HYMN CXIII.

GOD's preſence is light in darkneſs.

I.

MY *God!* the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

II.

In darkeſt ſhades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my ſoul's bright morning-ſtar,
And he my riſing ſun.

The

III.

The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
While *Jeſus* ſhews his mercy mine,
And whiſpers, *I am his.*

IV.

My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way,
T' embrace my deareſt *Lord.*

V.

Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

HYMN CXIV.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

I.

STAND up my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel-armour on;
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy great captain Saviour's gone.

II.

Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes;
Thy *Jeſus* nail'd 'em to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.

Then

III.

Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

IV.

There may I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the ſkies,
Join in my glorious leader's praiſe.

HYMN CXV.

CHRIST's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

I.

I Sing my *Saviour*'s wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
'Tis finiſh'd, ſaid his dying breath,
And ſhook the gates of hell.

II.

'Tis finiſh'd our *Emmanuel* cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign throne ariſe,
His kingdom is begun.

III.

His croſs a ſure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He paſs'd to reach the crown.

IV.

Exalted at his Father's ſide
Sits our victorious *Lord* ;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide,
The vengeance or reward.

V.

The ſaints from his propitious eye,
Await their ſev'ral crowns,
And all the ſons of darkneſs fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CXVI.

The Example of CHRIST.

I.

MY dear *Redeemer*, and my *Lord* !
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

II.

Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then *God*, the Judge, ſhall own my name,
Amongſt the foll'wers of the *Lamb*.

HYMN CXVII.

Circumciſion and Baptiſm.

(Written only for thoſe who practiſe the Baptiſm of Infants)

I.

THUS did the ſons of *Abra'm* paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of grace;
The young diſciples bore the yoke,
Till *Chriſt* the painful bondage broke.

II.

By milder ways doth *Jeſus* prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant-race.

III.

Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood;
Their children ſet apart for *God*;
His ſpirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

V.

Let ev'ry ſaint with chearful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the *God* of *Abra'm* praiſe.

HYMN CXVIII.

I.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

II.

The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
Ye happy ſouls draw near,
Behold your *Saviour's* face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, to your eternal home.

III.

Extol the *Lamb* of *God*,
The all-atoning *Lamb*;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners home!

HYMN CXIX.

I.

TAKE my poor heart, juſt as it is,
Set up therein thy throne;
So ſhall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

Complete

III.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And liſten to that ſmall ſtill voice,
Which only wiſpers love.

IV.

Which teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do;
Which covers me with ſhame, when I
Do not thy will purſue.

V.

This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my *Lord*,
And learn obedience to thy voice
Thy ſoft reviving word.

HYMN CXX.

I.

FREE GRACE.

GRACE! how exceeding ſweet to thoſe
Who truly ſinners are:
Sunk and diſtreſt, they taſte and know
Their heav'n is only there.
Thus grace, free grace, moſt ſweetly calls,
"Directly come, who will,
"Juſt as you are; for *Chriſt* receives
"Poor helpleſs ſinners ſtill."

We

II.

We thirſt, O *Lord*; give us, this day,
To taſte more of this grace,
More of that ſtream which from the rock
Flow'd through the wilderneſs.
'Tis grace alone that feeds our ſouls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And, Oh! that nothing elſe but grace
May rule for evermore.

HYMN CXXI.

I.

BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
Jeſus Chriſt, our joy, and peace:
Let our praiſe to Him be giv'n,
High at *God's* right-hand in heav'n.

II.

Maſter ſee, to thee we bow,
Thou art *Lord*, and only thou;
Thou, the bleſſed virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church and head.

III.

Thee the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe our Prieſt, our King:
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace!

Thou

IV.

Thou haſt the glad tidings brought
Of ſalvation by thee wrought;
Wrought—for all thy church, and we
Worſhip in their company.

V.

We, thy little flock, adore,
Thee, the *Lord*, for evermore:
Ever with us ſhew thy love,
'Till we join with thoſe above.

HYMN CXXII.

I.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as ſtone,
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis *Jeſu's* blood alone;
One drop of this can truly chear
And heal the wounded ſoul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This living ſtream makes whole!

II.

Hark, O my ſoul! what ſing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
Hark! the ſlain *Lamb* for evermore
Sounds in the ſweeteſt tone:

The

The elders there caſt down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,
Sing praiſe to him, who ſhed his blood,
And waſh'd their guilt away.

III.

And this while here will we proclaim,
Chearful in our degree,
That thro' the ſacrificed *Lamb*,
Sinners may pardon'd be.
Do thou, O *Lord*, make ev'ry day,
Thy grace to us more ſweet,
'Till borne from earth and ſin away,
We worſhip at thy feet.

HYMN CXXIII.

I.

YE that in his courts are found,
Liſt'ning to the joyful ſound,
Loſt and helpleſs as ye are,
Sons of ſorrow, ſin, and care,
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the goſpel brings.

II.

Turn to *Chriſt* your longing eyes,
View his bloody ſacrifice;
See in him your ſins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holineſs, and heav'n:
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the goſpel brings.

HYMN CXXIX.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

I.

COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched;
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
He is able, he is able, he is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.

II.

Ho! ye needy; come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorifiy.
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, without money, without money,
Come to *Jeſus Chriſt*, and buy.

III.

Let not conſcience make you linger;
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the fitneſs he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's riſing beam.

IV.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the righteous;
Sinners *Jeſus* came to call.

V.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker proſtrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him:
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finiſh'd; it is finiſh'd; it is finiſh'd!
Sinners, will not this ſuffice?

VI.

Lo! th' incarnate *God*, aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood,
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other truſt intrude.
None but *Jeſus*, none but *Jeſus*, none but *Jeſus*,
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

VII.

Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the *Lamb*;

While

While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sinners here may ſing the ſame.

HYMN CXXVI.

Thy Kingdom come!

I.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of *Jeſus*,
Partners in his patience here,
Chriſt to all believers precious
Lord of lords ſhall ſoon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdoms near!

II.

Hear all nature's groans proclaiming,
Nature's ſwift-approaching doom!
War and peſtilence and famine
Signify the wrath to come
Cleaves the center,
Nations ruſh into the tomb.

III.

Cloſe behind the tribulation
Of theſe laſt tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the univerſal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the judge's face!

Sun

IV.

Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endleſs night,
When with angel-hoſts ſurrounded,
In his Father's glory bright
Beams the *Saviour*,
Shines the everlaſting light.

V.

See the ſtars from heaven falling;
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning judge draws nigh,
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains from his eye!

VI.

With what diff'rent exclamation
Shall the ſaints his banner ſee!
By the mon'ments of his paſſion
By the marks receiv'd for me:
All diſcern him,
All with ſhouts cry out 'Tis He!

VII.

Lo! 'tis He! our heart's deſire
Come for his eſpous'd below,
Come to join us with his quire,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of vict'ry,
Crowns of glory to beſtow.

VIII.

Yes, the prize ſhall now be given,
We his open face ſhall ſee
Love, the earneſt of our heaven,
Love our full reward ſhall be,
Love ſhall crown us
Kings thro' all eternity!

HYMN CXXVI.

Perſeverance.

I.

THE ſinner that, by precious faith,
Has felt his ſins forgiv'n,
Is from that moment paſs'd from death,
And ſeal'd an heir of heav'n.

II.

Tho' thouſand ſnares encloſe his feet,
Not one ſhall hold him faſt.
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He ſhall get ſafe at laſt.

III.

Not as the world the Saviour gives,
He is no fickle friend:
Whom once he loves, he never leaves;
But loves him to the end.

IV.

The Spir't that would this truth withſtand,
Would pull *God*'s temple down,
Wreſt *Jeſu*'s ſceptre from his hand,
And ſpoil him of his crown. *Satan*,

V.

Satan might then full vict'ry boaſt ;
The church might wholly fall :
If one believer may be loſt,
It follows, ſo may all.

VI.

But *Chriſt* in ev'ry age has prov'd
His purchaſe firm and true.
If this foundation be remov'd,
What ſhall the righteous do ?

VII.

Brethren, by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliſs :
Whatever loſs you bear beſide,
O ! never give up this.

HYMN CXXVII.

Dependence on CHRIST alone.

I.

IF ever it could come to paſs,
The ſheep of *Chriſt* might fall away ;
My fickle feeble ſoul, alas !
Would fall a thouſand times a day.
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou ſoon would'ſt take it, *Lord*, from me,

I on

II.

I on thy promiſes depend,
(At leaſt, I to depend deſire)
That thou wilt love me to the end;
Be with me in temptation's fire;
Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too;
And guide me right, and bring me through.

III.

No other ſtay have I beſide;
If theſe can alter, I muſt fall.
I look to thee, to be ſupply'd
With life, with will, with pow'r, with all.
Rich ſouls may glory in their ſtore;
But *Jeſus* will relieve the poor.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Who can tell? Jonah iii. 9.

I.

GREAT *God* to thee I'll make
My wants and ſorrows known;
And with an humble hope,
Approach thine awful throne;
Tho' by my ſins deſerving hell,
I'll not deſpair; for "*Who can tell?*"

To

II.

To thee who by a word
My drooping ſoul canſt cheer,
And by thy Spirit form,
Thy glorious image there;
My foes ſubdue; My fears diſpel:
I'll daily ſeek, for "*Who can tell?*"

III.

In danger or diſtreſs,
To thee alone I'll fly;
Implore thy pow'rful help,
And at thy footſtool lie;
My caſe bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait, for "*Who can tell?*"

IV.

My heart miſgives me oft,
And conſcience ſtorms within;
One gracious look from thee
Will make it all ſerene.
Satan ſuggeſts that I ſhall dwell
In endleſs pains; but "*Who can tell?*"

V.

Curſt unbelief be gone;
Ye doubts fly ſwift away;
God hath an ear to hear,
Whil'ſt I've a heart to pray;
If he be mine, all will be well;
For ever ſo; and "*Who can tell?*"

HYMN

HYMN CXXIX.

The Church, a Garden.

I.

ZION's a garden wall'd around,
Choſen, and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

II.

Like ſpicy trees, believers ſtand,
Planted by an Almighty hand;
And all the ſprings in Zion flow,
To make the rich plantation grow.

III.

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, deſcend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

IV.

Make thou our ſpices flow abroad,
A grateful incenſe to our *God*;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

HYMN CXXX.

I.

AWAY with our ſorrow and fear!
We ſoon ſhall recover our home;
The city of ſaints ſhall appear,
The day of eternity come;
From earth we ſhall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The houſe of our Father above,
The palace of angels and *God.*

II.

Our mourning is all at an end,
When rais'd by the life-giving word,
We ſee the new city deſcend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her *Lord*:
The city ſo holy and clean
No ſorrow can breathe in the air,
No gloom of affliction or ſin,
No ſhadow of evil is there.

III.

By faith we already behold
That lovely *Jeruſalem here!*
Her walls are of jaſper and gold,
As chryſtal her buildings are clear:
Immoveably founded in grace
She ſtands, as ſhe ever hath ſtood,

And

And brightly her builder diſplays,
And flames with the glory of *God.*

VI.

No need of the ſun in that day
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where *Jeſus*'s beauties diſplay
A pure and a permanent light;
The *Lamb* is their light and their ſun,
And lo! by reflection they ſhine,
With *Jeſus* ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

V.

The ſaints in his preſence receive
Their great and eternal reward,
In *Jeſus*, in heaven, they live,
They reign in the ſmile of their *Lord*;
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at *Jeſus*'s face,
And all their enjoyment above
Conſiſts in the rapturous gaze.

HYMN CXXXI.

I.

RISE, ye dearly purchas'd ſinners,
Fill'd with faith's aſſurance riſe,
Thro' the loſs of *Jeſus* winners,
Lords of all in earth and ſkies,
Sing and triumph
In his bleeding ſacrifice.

To

II.

To his meritorious paſſion
All our happineſs we owe,
Pardon, holineſs, ſalvation,
Heaven above and heaven below.
Grace and glory
From that open fountain flow.

III.

Bleſt in our returning *Saviour*,
When he hath prepar'd our place
We ſhall reign with him for ever,
Folded in his love's embrace:
Come, *Redeemer*,
Shew us all thy heavenly face!

IV.

Now reveal thy full ſalvation,
Let thy brighteſt lightnings ſhine,
In the thund'ring acclamation
While both ſaints and angels join;
Sounds the trumpet,
Flames unfurl the crimſon ſign!

V.

With thine army of croſs-bearers
Lo! we wait, we long to riſe,
In thy royal triumph ſharers,
In thy joy beyond the ſkies:
Come the kingdom,
Saviour bring th' immortal prize!

Anſwer

VI.

Anſwer thy own bride and Spirit,
Haſten, *Lord*, the gen'ral doom,
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

Sacramental Hymns.

HYMN CXXXII.

I.

JESUS invites his ſaints,
To meet around his board!
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their *Lord*.

II.

For food he gives his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace
Of our redeeming *God*!

Let

III.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe;
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

HYMN CXXXIII.

CHRIST our Paſſover is ſacrificed for us.
1 Cor. v. 7.

I.

THOU very paſchal *Lamb*,
Whoſe blood for us was ſhed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ranſom'd people lead!

II.

Angel of goſpel grace,
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed thy choſen race,
In Iſrael's camp appear!

III.

Throughout the deſart-way
Conduct us by thy light!
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A chearing fire by night.

Our

IV.

Our fainting ſouls ſuſtain
With bleſſings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love!

HYMN CXXXIV.

I.

LAMB of *God*, whoſe bleeding love
We thus recall to mind,
Send the anſwer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And ev'ry ſtruggling ſoul releaſe;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

II.

By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody ſweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our ſins away:
Burſt our bonds, and ſet us free,
From all iniquity releaſe,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Let

III.

Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The ſinners pardon ſeal,
Speak us freely juſtify'd,
And all our ſickneſs heal;
By thy paſſion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles ceaſe;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

IV.

Never let us hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveneſs in our heart,
And all thine image give:
May our ſouls ſtill cry to thee
Till perfected in holineſs;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

HYMN CXXXV.

I.

THANKFUL for our ev'ry bleſſing
Let us ſing,
Chriſt the ſpring,
Never, never ceaſing.

Source

II.

Source of all our gifts and graces;
Chriſt we own,
Chriſt alone,
Calls for all our praiſes.

III.

He diſpels our ſin and ſadneſs;
Life imparts,
Chears our hearts,
Fills with food and gladneſs.

IV.

He himſelf for us hath given;
Us he feeds,
Us he leads
To a feaſt in heaven.

HYMN CXXXVI.

I.

IN *Jeſus* we live, in *Jeſus* we reſt,
And thankful receive his dying requeſt,
The cup of ſalvation his mercy beſtows,
And from his dear paſſion our happineſs flows.

II.

With myſtical wine he comforts us here,
And gladly we join, 'till *Jeſus* appear,
With hearty thankſgiving his death to record:
The living, the living ſhould ſing of the *Lord*:

III.

He hallow'd the cup which now we receive,
The pledge of our hope with *Jeſus* to live,
(Where ſorrow and ſadneſs ſhall never be found)
With glory and gladneſs eternally crown'd.

IV.

The fruit of the vine, (the joy it implies)
Again we ſhall join to drink in the ſkies;
Exult in his favour, our triumph renew,
And I, ſaith the *Saviour*, will drink it with you.

HYMN CXXXVII.

On the Crucifixion.

Matt. xxvii. 50——54.

I.

'TIS done! th' atoning work is done!
Jeſus the world's *Redeemer* dies!
All nature feels th' important groan
Loud echoing thro' the earth and ſkies:
The earth doth to her center quake,
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black!

II.

The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While *Jeſus* meekly bows his head,

The

The rocks reſent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead,
The bodies of the ſaints ariſe,
Reviving as their *Saviour* dies.

III.

And ſhall not we his death partake,
In ſympathetic anguiſh groan?
O *Saviour* let thy paſſion ſhake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of ſtone!
To ſecond life our ſouls reſtore,
And wake us that we ſleep no more.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

I.

ALL praiſe to the *Lord*, all praiſe is his due,
To-day is his word of promiſe found true;
We, we are the nations preſented to *God*,
Well-pleaſing oblations thro' *Jeſus*'s blood.

II.

Poor Gentiles from far to *Jeſus* we came,
And offer'd we are to *God* thro' his name;
To *God* thro' the Spirit ourſelves may we give,
While ſav'd by the merit of *Jeſus* we live.

HYMN CXXXIX.

I.

OUR Shepherd alone
The *Lord* let us bleſs,
Who reigns on the throne
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy *Jeſus*,
Our *Lord* and our *God!*

II.

We daily will ſing
Thy merits, thy praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring
Of pity and grace;
Thy kindneſs for ever
To men we will tell,
And ſay our dear *Saviour*
Redeems us from hell.

III.

Preſerve us in love,
While here we abide:
Nor ever remove,
Not cover, nor hide,
Thy glorious ſalvation,
Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion
Compleated in thee!

GLORIA

GLORIA PATRI:

Or Hymns of Praiſe to the ever bleſſed and glorious TRINITY.

HYMN CXL.

I.

O *Father* of heaven! be ever ador'd!
Thy mercy we find, in ſending our *Lord*,
To ranſom and bleſs us; thy goodneſs we praiſe
For ſending in *Jeſus* ſalvation by grace.

II.

O *Son* of his love! who deigneſt to die,
Our curſe to remove, our pardon to buy;
Accept our thankſgiving, Almighty to ſave,
Who openeſt heav'n to all that believe.

III.

O *Spirit* of love, of health and of pow'r!
Thy working we prove; thy grace we adore,
Whoſe inward revealing appplies our *Lord*'s blood,
Atteſting and ſealing us children of *God*.

HYMN

HYMN CXLI.

PRAISE *God* from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him all creatures here below;
Praiſe Him above, ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*.

HYMN CXLII.

TO *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*.
One *God* whom we adore;
Be glory as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

HYMN CXLIII.

FATHER, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*,
One *God* whom we adore:
Join we with the heav'nly hoſt
To praiſe Thee evermore:
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Three in *One*, and *One* in *Three*,
Holy, holy, holy *Lord*,
All glory be to Thee.

HYMN CXLIV.

I.

BLEST be the *Father* and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe,
Rivers of endleſs joys above,
And rills of comfort here below!

II.

Glory to thee, great *Son* of *God!*
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

III.

We give the ſacred *Spirit* praiſe,
Who, in our hearts of ſin and woe,
Makes living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

VI.

Thus *God* the *Father*, *God* the *Son*,
And *God* the *Spirit*, we adore,
That ſea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a ſhore.

HYMN CXLV.

I.

COME thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!

Father

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us
Antient of Days!

II.

Jeſus our *Lord* ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made—
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd—
Lord here our call!

III.

Come thou incarnate *Word*,
Gird on thy mighty ſword—
Our pray'r attend!
Come! and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs,
Spirit of holineſs
On us deſcend!

IV.

Come holy *Comforter*,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart
Spirit of pow'r!

V.

To the great *One* in *Three*
Eternal praiſes be
Hence—evermore!
His ſov'reign majeſty
May we in glory ſee
And to eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN CXLVI.

SING we to our *God* above,
Praiſe, eternal as his love:
Praiſe him, all ye heav'nly hoſt,
Father, *Son* and *Holy Ghoſt*.

HYMN CXLVII.

GIVE to the *Father* praiſe,
Give glory to the *Son*,
And to the *Spirit* of his grace
Be equal honor done,

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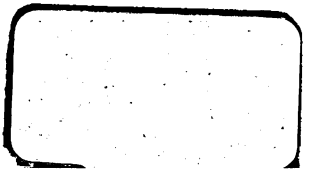
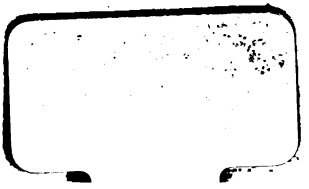
FINIS.

Persius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